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"In fact," said he, "the Emperor told me that the whole ultimatum was a fake. He said that when the Ambassador told him what was going on here, he came to the conclusion that a declaration of war would probably smash the whole scheme. But he wants us to settle with the bondholders."

"After the wedding, we will," said the Duke of Darlon.

It was a gorgeous wedding; and after it was over, the Duke of Vivian put a piece of the royal cake under his pillow, and he dreamt about the Lady Alicia; and people say—

But who cares what people say?

## GEIK TURNER • IN AN OLD LIBRARY.



ERE in the dusk of this dim-windowed  
hall

The weary minds of generations rest;  
Poor prisoner ghosts, by sad neglect  
oppressed,  
In dismal companies along the wall;  
Long phantom lines of poets and of  
seers,

Their songs grown cold, their raptures heeded not  
And all their wisdom, wearily begot,  
Turned foolish through forgotten years.

Fair summers that will never come again,  
They wasted out with trouble prodigal,  
And springs and falls and winters beautiful,  
That here might rest in store for careless men  
The hoarded ignorance of time. Alas,  
What perishable fruit their labors bore;  
The hungry crowds go roaring by their door,  
Nor wait one moment as they pass.

Across their prison-house the creeping sun  
Dials the endless days upon the floor;  
The crafty spider binds them o'er and o'er  
With fetters that may never be undone.  
Oh, for the days they lost in labor vain.  
Here in the dusk all moulder silently,  
Save when across the panes some prisoner bee  
Raves for his open fields again.

Raves for the sky, the meadows and the trees;  
Wild with the dark, frantic with mad distrust  
Of this dim place of weariness and dust.  
Round him the great of out-spent centuries  
In gaunt procession listen silently—  
Dead oracles no questioner comes to seek;  
Their words, which woke the world, now grown more weak  
Than the shrill droning of a frightened bee,